THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 30, 1800.

Letter from the Rev. Mr. Toplady on Card-playing.

To Mr. G. F.

Broad Hembury, Nov. 19, 1773.

VERY DEAR SIR,

NEVER apologize to me, I beſeech you, for any religious freedoms which you may be friendly enough to take. Without pretending to the apoſtolical gift of intuitive diſcernment, I know too much of your heart, to be offended at ſuch real inſtances of your eſteem. I muſt be a monſter of pride, were I capable of reſenting an intimation which breathes ſuch ſincerity of regard, and which you have the happy art of conveying with ſuch delicacy of politeneſs. Inſtead of wiſhing you to intermit your labour of love, I requeſt you to reprove, to rebuke, and to exhort me, as, in your opinion, occaſion may require.—Some individuals of, what is called, the religious world, are ſo very pert and impertinent, that I have been obliged to treat them as I would the officiouſneſs of waſps; and give them a gentle ſlap, to keep them at their due diſtance. But, without any ſhadow of compliment, I have ſo great and juſt an idea of the valuable friend to whom I am now writing, that I am deſirous, not to repel, but to invite and careſs his truly affectionate admonitions. They even induce me to love him the better, and to reſpect him the more: Nor can he bind me to him by a ſtronger tye.

As you, dear Sir, have unboſomed your thoughts, with ſuch tranſparency of genuine faithfulneſs; I alſo, in return,

will, for once, conſider you as my father confeſſor, and open my whole mind to you on the ſubject in hand, without diſguiſe, or reſerve.

1. I do not think, that honeſt Martin Luther committed ſin, by playing at back-gammon, for an hour or two, after dinner, in order, by unbending his mind, "to promote digeſtion."

2. I cannot blame the holy martyr, Biſhop Ridley, for frequently playing at tennis, before he became a prelate: nor for playing at the more ſerious game of cheſs, twice a day, after he was made a Biſhop.

3. As little do I find fault with another of our moſt exemplary martyrs, the learned and devout Mr. Archdeacon Philpot; who has left it on record, as a brand on the Pelagians of that age, that "they looked an honeſte paſtyme as a ſynne:" and had the impudence to call him an Antinomian, and a looſe moraliſt, becauſe he now and then relaxed his bow, with "huntinge, ſhootynge, bowlynge, and ſuch lyke."

4. Nor can I ſet down pious Biſhop Latimer for an enemy to holineſs of life, on account of his ſaying that hunting is a good exerciſe for men of rank, and that ſhooting is as lawful an amuſement for perſons of inferior claſs.

5. I have not a whit the worſe opinion of the eminent and profound Mr. Thomas Gataker, for the treatiſe which he profeſſedly wrote, to prove the lawfulneſs of card-playing, under due reſtrictions and limitations.

6. I think, good Biſhop Beveridge was quite innocent, in amuſing himſelf with his violin.

7. The ſeraphic Mr. Hervey is, in my idea, entitled to no manner of cenſure, for allowing the devout father of "Miſs Mitiſſa and Miſs Serena" to attend his daughter, "once or twice, to the theatrical entertainments and public diverſions:" nor yet, for allowing him to let the ſaid Miſſes "learn to dance, in order to acquire a genteel air and a graceful demeanor."

Obſerve, that, in producing Mr. Hervey's judgment concerning the not abſolute unlawfulneſs of all ſtage entertainments and other "public diverſions;" I do not mean to enter a plea for myſelf. I have ſeen but three plays, ſince I took orders; *i. e.* for theſe eleven years and an half; and, probably, ſhall never ſee another: not becauſe I am perſuaded of its being ſinful (for, I think, I might as innocently ſee Shakeſpear's Henry IV. acted on the ſtage, as read the hiſtory of that Prince by my own fire-ſide,) but becauſe

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I conſider the play-houſe as too public a place of amuſement for a clergyman to frequent.—Moreover, I was never once at Vauxhall, nor at Ranelagh, for the very ſame reaſon, and for no other.—Neither was I ever at an aſſembly, except once: viz. ſeveral years ago, at Weymouth, in mere complaiſance to Mrs. Macaulay: though we both abſtained from touching a card. While there we only ſaw, and were ſeen, and chatted with thoſe we knew.—But enough of this digreſſion.

8. I cannot unſaint St. Chryſoſtom, for admiring the comedies of Ariſtophanes, to ſuch a degree, as to read them perpetually, and even to lay them under his pillow when he ſlept.

9. I do not think it criminal in that great and good and uſeful man, Mr. Madan, to indulge himſelf in horſe-racing, and in hunting, fiſhing, and ſhooting. He himſelf makes no ſecret of all this: elſe I would entirely have omitted to mention it.—Now I am not attached to any of theſe ſports. Not to the firſt, for I utterly diſlike it. Nor to the ſecond, becauſe I am rather a timid rider. Nor to the third, becauſe I have neither time nor patience enough. Nor to the fourth, for I never fired a gun in my life. But ſhall I, like thoſe in Hudibras, and like too many cenſorious profeſſors now,

> "Compound for things I am inclin'd to,
> "By blaming what I have no mind too?"

God forbid. Let every man judge for himſelf, and ſtand or fall to his own Maſter above.

10. Archbiſhop Williams required but two hours' ſleep in the twenty-four.—On the other hand, Biſhop Kenn ſeems to have required twelve: for he ſays,

> "Dull ſleep, of ſenſe me to deprive!
> "I am but half my time alive."

Would it not be very abſurd, were we, for that reaſon, to pronounce Williams an holier man than Kenn?

11. Shall I queſtion the piety of good old Mr. Moſes Browne becauſe he finds a pleaſure in angling for trouts and eels? He ſhewed me, when I was laſt in London, ſome ſheets of the new edition (ſince publiſhed) of his Eclogues on Fiſhing. He is fond of that recreation himſelf, and as fond of inſtructing others in it. Is he therefore ungodly? Or (permit me to aſk) is there half ſo much loſs of time, at a pool of quadrille, as an angler's hook and line are attended

with?—I muſt add: Which has leaſt of cruelty in it? The depriving real fiſhes of life by the moſt excruciating torture; or the playing for fiſhes, made of ivory, or mother of pearl?

12. I will not ſit in judgment on my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. F. for having their amiable daughter, the fair inquiſitive, taught to play on the harpſichord, to dance, &c. &c. &c. Nor am I angry with the fair inquiſitive herſelf for being one of the moſt elegant and accompliſhed females that ever were entitled to that character.

13. I cannot condemn the vicar of Broad Hembury for relaxing himſelf, now and then, among a few ſelect friends, with a rubber of ſixpenny whiſt, a pool of penny quadrille, or a few rounds of twopenny Pope Joan.—To my certain knowledge, the ſaid vicar has been cured of the head-ach, by one or other of thoſe games, after ſpending eight, ten, twelve, and ſometimes ſixteen hours in his ſtudy. Nor will he aſk any man's leave for ſo unbending himſelf.

1. Becauſe another perſon's conſcience is no rule to his any more than another perſon's ſtature or complexion.

2. Becauſe the word of God, no where, either directly, or indirectly, ſays one ſyllable, or drops one hint, concerning either the lawfulneſs, or the unlawfulneſs, of amuſement by lots. And I would no more add to the commandments, than to the doctrines, of God.

3. Becauſe the apoſtle ſays, "Bleſſed is he who condemns not himſelf in the things that he allows." Which is exactly my caſe.

4. Becauſe the ſame apoſtle aſks, "Why is my liberty judged of another man's conſcience?" And ſo ſay I.

5. Becauſe I do not find myſelf hurt by this liberty, either in mind, body, or eſtate.—Not in mind; for my mind is ſenſibly relieved by it.—Not in body: for my body is ſenſibly the better for it.—Not in eſtate: for that cannot poſſibly ſuffer by it. I neither win nor loſe forty ſhillings per annum.

Doubtleſs Mr. Madan, Mr. Browne, and others, have "ſtumbled ſome weak Chriſtians," many a time, by following and by vindicating ſuch unhallowed amuſements. And thoſe Chriſtians muſt, I think, be very weak indeed, who can ſtumble at a ſtraw, and break their ſhins againſt a barley-corn!

A very worthy female intimated to me, laſt ſpring, in London, that I "offended ſome weak brethren, and made them ſtumble, by allowing myſelf to play at cards." As this was

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very ſeriouſly ſaid, I was going to make a ſerious anſwer. But my gravity ſuffered more than a ſtumble, for it actually fell, on ſurveying the head dreſs of the fair expoſtulatreſs. I could not help aſking, with a ſmile, " And ſuppoſe a weak ſiſter was to ſtumble at your elegant pyramid of hair, wire, and crinkt ribbons, would you therefore reduce your attire to the taſte of that weak ſiſter?" The good woman honeſtly replied, in ſome diſconcertment, " No indeed." " Then give liberty as well as take it."—I could not help thinking of the lady and the patch, mentioned in the 57th number of the Spectator.

And ſo much, my dear friend, for the grand ſubject of your letter. I hope, our correſpondence will, in future, turn on topics more edifying and improving. Surely, they, who are led, by divine grace, to experience the beſt things of God's ſpiritual kingdom, ſhould learn to look on things indifferent with the indifference they deſerve.—I have hardly left myſelf room, to aſſure you of the regard, with which I am, &c.

A. TOPLADY.

Kotzebue's Account of the Illneſs and Death of his Wife, in the Autumn of 1790.

[From his Publication entitled " My Flight to Paris."]

WHEN my ill ſtate of health drove me again to Pyrmont laſt ſummer, to drink of its ſalutary ſpring, my beloved wife being then in the fifth month of her pregnancy, remained at home. Every letter I received from her, and we commonly exchanged three or four letters in the week, brought the moſt pleaſing accounts of her health, and the aſſurance that ſhe had no wiſh but for my return. How ardently I participated in this wiſh may be eaſily imagined! I, therefore, eagerly embraced the firſt moment when it was poſſible to eſcape from the medicinal yoke, and flew to her arms. This was in the beginning of September.

Our firſt interview was at Gotha. She came thither to meet me. My tranſport at beholding her, our firſt embrace, the heart-felt joy with which I contemplated her blooming cheeks manifeſting pure health and content, the animation that ſparkled from her eyes—how preſent are all theſe ideas to my imagination! How does my fancy love to dwell upon the enchanting images! Fain would my pen deſcribe them in equally

equally glowing colours!—But words are unequal to the task! Yet every one who has a heart can imagine them all.

Two months more paſſed on. I ſaw, without alarm, the moment approach when I was to be preſented with a new pledge of our love, ſince no reaſon for alarm then appeared. I did all that lay in my power to prevent danger: I perſuaded my Frederica to take a walk with me almoſt every day, in the beautiful park of Weimar, which was indeed her favourite reſort. How have we ſtrolled about there arm in arm, in ſweet converſation, building caſtles in the air, forming conjectures on the future, reviewing the paſt, and enjoying the preſent! Sometimes talking of our abſent friends, amuſing ourſelves with ſpeculations on what they might be about at that moment, what, and when, they would write to us, or where, and when we ſhould ſee them again.

In the little hut made of the bark of trees, or at the waterfall, or upon the hill, or by the three pillars, or where we look over the meadows in the valley as upon a ſtage—have we often ſtood or ſat, contemplating the varied beauties around us. Oh, may the ſweeteſt, the moſt refreſhing dew, fall upon ye every morning, ye trees and flowers, for you were witneſſes of my happineſs! Ever mayeſt thou flouriſh and look gay, thou verdant turf, for thou haſt been preſſed by the footſteps of my beloved wife! How would ſhe laugh when our William would ſometimes ſtand upon his head, and ſet the little dog a barking with comic eagerneſs at ſo unuſual a ſight? Never, never, will a happier couple enjoy thy charms, thou lovely ſpot!

Often, too, have we viſited Belvedere, and Tieffurth, country ſeats near Weimar. There did we ſit under a tree, and regale upon new milk, while my Frederica rejoiced at finding the weather ſtill ſo warm in the country, that although in the month of October, we could remain out in the air, whereas at home we were creeping to the fire. Theſe little excurſions were always ſo pleaſant to her, that in every the moſt minute incident ſhe found a ſource of delight.

About a month before her confinement, ſhe accompanied me to Leipſic fair. She was on that day uncommonly cheerful and animated, and at our return home aſſured me, that ſhe never in her life enjoyed any thing of the kind more highly. Oh, what greater delight can the world afford than to have contributed to the enjoyment of her whom we love!

Thus, amid a conſtant reciprocation of pure and innocent happineſs, did the hours paſs on, till the moment approached

of which neither of us entertained the leaſt apprehenſion. My Frederica had always enjoyed uninterrupted health, her only medicine was ſtrawberries, and never ſince our abode at Weimar had the apothecary been enriched by her to the amount of a ſingle dreyer.

At length, on the eleventh of November, ſhe was ſafely and happily delivered of a daughter. For the firſt three days ſhe was remarkably well, was all life and animation, laughing and aſſuring us that a lying-in was a mere joke. Never, ſhe ſaid, had ſhe been ſo well; never, in the firſt three days, felt a like appetite, or like freedom from pain. In ſhort, every thing ſeemed to promiſe her ſpeedy recovery, and the little cloud which muſt at ſuch a period inevitably for a moment darken the horizon, ſeemed entirely diſperſed. Such was her own opinion, as well as that of all around her. Ah! was there then on the earth a mortal happier than I? The whole creation ſeemed mine, and I its ſovereign! Who could ſuppoſe that theſe were to be the laſt happy days of my life?

On the fourteenth ſhe was ſomewhat indiſpoſed. We believed this to be a matter of no conſequence, only occaſioned by the milk, and were ſatisfied nature relieves herſelf in various ways. On the fifteenth ſhe again appeared quite well. Still do I ſee her, when, after having ſpent a very uneaſy night with the idea of her indiſpoſition, at five o'clock in the morning I ſtole ſoftly into her chamber, and crept to the ſide of her bed, full of anxiety to learn ſome tidings of her. She ſtretched out her arms to me, and raiſing herſelf up, aſſured me that ſhe was then perfectly free from complaint. Oh bleſſed aſſurance! once more my mind was in a ſtate of compoſure. I afterwards read to her a ſcene of a drama I was writing, for I always made her unſophiſticated feelings the teſt by which I proved the real merit or demerit of my works. What did not draw a tear from her eyes, I blotted out. Alas! to whoſe feelings can I refer in future?—My tutelar genius has forſaken me!—my fire is extinguiſhed!

She liſtened to me on this morning with her accuſtomed attention and pleaſure; ſhe gave her opinion upon the work as uſual; her mind never appeared more clear or acute. Never! Oh, never will the piece, of which this ſcene was a part, be finiſhed! I ſhould ſtart back with horror were the fatal pages ever again to fall into my hands! The bare idea of adding another line to them gives me a feeling of criminality. I could not, for all the treaſures this world affords,

endure

endure to hear that part repeated which I read to her. The recollection of her nod of approbation as I proceeded, would harrow up my ſoul! for, oh! it was the laſt approving nod I ever can receive from her.

On the ſixteenth ſhe began to complain of exceſſive faintneſs, and from this day her ſituation conſtantly grew more alarming. I became extremely anxious about her, and called in the advice of my old univerſity friend the chief phyſician Hufeland, in aid of Mr. Buchholtz, who had hitherto been our ſole attendant. The diſorder rapidly increaſed, her fever grew hourly higher, and ſhe was at times delirious. Three days, which to me ſeemed like an eternity, thus paſſed on, when my anxiety became intolerable.

On the twentieth, I haſtened early in the morning to Jena, to call in the aſſiſtance of the celebrated Dr. Starke, who was my intimate friend, and of whoſe medical ſkill I had the higheſt opinion. Thus I thought nothing would be neglected on my part to ſave a life ſo dear—and this reflection has been my ſole ſource of conſolation in the midſt of my deſpair at her loſs. Heaven only knows what I ſuffered on this expedition. My fancy could not forbear to dwell on the moſt dreadful images which, though then merely ideal, were, alas! but too ſoon to be realized.

My friend was ſo good as to return with me immediately, and I was back again at Weimar, accompanied by him, within five hours from my departure. He found my Frederica very ill, but yet did not think her caſe by any means hopeleſs, and I once more began to breathe freely. Cathartics and diaphoretics were adminiſtered. She was become from delirium very peeviſh and obſtinate, nor would take any thing but from my hands. Oh, with what trembling hands did I reach her the glaſs with the medicine, but ſhe kiſſed me when ſhe had taken it, and my ſoul could not but find ſome conſolation in this teſtimony, that amid the forwardneſs of diſeaſe, and wanderings of diſtraction, her affection for me remained pure and undiminiſhed as ever!

On this day, my drama of Miſanthropy and Repentance was performed. I mention this circumſtance only to introduce an anecdote, which, even amid the anguiſh I then endured, gave me a ſenſation of pleaſure. About eighty of the ſtudents at Jena came over to ſee the play. It was the uſual cuſtom of theſe young men, upon ſuch occaſions, after having attended the theatre, to have a jolly ſupper together ſomewhere, and about midnight to return home, not without

much noiſe, and hallooing and clapping, all which we uſed to hear in full perfection, as their rout lay through the ſtreet where I lived. On this night alone, not a ſingle carriage or horſe paſſed my houſe, the whole party went quietly out of town by ſome other road, that they might not diſturb my ſuffering wife. I mentioned this circumſtance to her in the morning—ſhe ſeemed pleaſed with the attention, and I take this opportunity of publickly returning my grateful acknowledgment to the gentlemen for it.

[*To be continued.*]

Account of the Cardinal Duke of York, Uncle to the late Pretender, now living at Rome.

THE preſent Henry Benedict Stuart, titular Duke of York, was born in Rome the 6th of March, 1725. He was the younger ſon of the famous Pretender, better known under the name of the Chevalier de St. George, and conſequently the grandſon of King James II. His royal anceſtors as well as their misfortunes, are too well known to all our readers to require mention of them in this place.

Prince Henry evinced from his earlieſt age a great predilection for the eccleſiaſtical ſtate; and in this he was warmly ſeconded by his father, who entertained not the leaſt doubt but that by this means he would occupy ſome conſiderable dignities in the church. He was not miſtaken; for as ſoon as he aſcended the ſuperior orders, in 1747, the immortal Pope Benedict XIV. beſtowed upon him the red-hat. He was at that time but little above twenty-two years of age.

It is remarkable, and equally true, that many Romans, and a vaſt number of Italians, now in their old age, recollect, with the moſt lively ſenſe of pleaſure, the enthuſiaſtic joy which the promotion of Prince Henry to the purple gave birth to. Several circumſtances tended to render it really an uncommon event. An Engliſh Cardinal had not been ſeen in the ſacred college ever ſince the reformation; James II. was ſpoken of with regret, honour, and gratitude. The Pretender reſided in Rome under the name of James III. and thus the ancient and reiterated misfortunes of the royal family of Stuart became freſher in memory, and more intereſting; adding to which, the Prince had the peculiar advantage of being a handſome young man, the moſt ſo perhaps among the higher clergy of Rome. It is alſo recollected

with what a lively ſenſe of reſpect and tenderneſs he was regarded by all foreigners who crowded to Rome during the grand ceremony of the jubilee of 1750. He was one of the chief objects of their attention, and no one could leave Rome without the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him. It was very common to hear the people crowded in the ſtreets, cry aloud, as ſoon as the Prince appeared in his carriage, "*Ecco il figlio del re Giacomo!*" (There is the ſon of King James!)

A regard for hiſtorical truth obliges us to notice in this place, that the Cardinal Duke of York, as well as his elder brother Prince Charles Edward, the late Pretender, diſcovered from their youth a taciturnity and atrabilarious temper, which has diſtinguiſhed them in every part of their life. It was generally reported, that Prince Charles had contracted ſuch a diſpoſition from the recollection of the manifold dangers to which he had been expoſed in his deſcent on Scotland, after the battle of Culloden; but a ſimilar turn of mind in the Cardinal was leſs eaſily accounted for. The former indulged at times in the pleaſures of ſociety and innocent diſſipation; the latter has conſtantly withdrawn himſelf from the world. Whilſt the Chevalier de St. George (the aſſumed James III.) was alive, the young princes were always with him, under the ſame roof. After his death, each of them lived in ſeparate houſes.

Some years after, the Cardinal Duke was appointed Biſhop of Fraſcati, the ancient *Tuſculum*, ſo much renowned for the pleaſantneſs of its ſituation, and for having been the country-ſeat of Cicero. The revenues of the biſhopric were conſiderable, and the Cardinal employed them in a manner worthy of the apoſtolic piety of the primitive church. Preſerving little for himſelf, he employed them in daily charities, in the education of orphans, in the marriages of poor girls, in repairing buildings and gardens belonging to the epiſcopal ſeat, in the purchaſe of books for the uſe of his clergy, and, above all, for the maintenance of his dioceſan ſeminary, reckoned the beſt of its kind in the Roman ſtates, and inferior, perhaps, to none in all Italy.

In the courſe of a few more years, the Cardinal obtained the important dignity of Chancellor of the Church. Though we are not immediately informed of the quality of this very high office, we can ſafely aſſure ourſelves, that it approximates in nature and elevation to the ſame denomination in the ſecular governments, and reckoned almoſt in all the monarchies of Europe as one of the ſeven higheſt offices of the crown. We can alſo affirm, that conſiderable appointments

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and prerogatives are annexed to this office, among which we may reckon the right of inhabiting the large and ſuperb palace *Della Cancellaria*, one of the greateſt buildings in Rome.

By the death of Prince Charles, in the year 1787, the Cardinal was actually the laſt offſpring of ſo many unfortunate kings. He had already attained his 63d year, and had ſpent his life in the moſt peaceful and retired way, partly in Rome, partly in his epiſcopal ſeat of Fraſcati. Little did he think that ſo extraordinary an event as that of 1798 would diſpoſſeſs him of his wealth and dignity, oblige him to fly, and expoſe himſelf to viciſſitudes little inferior to thoſe his brother experienced after the battle of Culloden, or to thoſe of his great uncle after the battle of Worceſter! He withdrew to Naples in borrowed habiliments, in the midſt of diſtreſs and danger, and was there ſupported by the gratitude of the ladies of a convent, of which he had been the protector in Rome. Not a twelvemonth had paſſed, when he was compelled to leave Naples, to fly to Palermo, and again expoſe himſelf to new humiliations and new diſtreſſes.

From ſome German papers, we knew that he and Cardinal Braſchi, nephew to his late Holineſs, embarked at Palermo for Trieſte. And, from a perſon of great reſpectability, we were informed, that they had removed from Trieſte to Padua, where fourteen Cardinals were aſſembled, under the protection of the Emperor, for the purpoſe of holding there a conclave for the election of a new Pope, in the apprehenſion his late Holineſs might ſink under his fatigues and misfortunes, before the eſtabliſhment of order in Rome.

The Cardinal Duke is now 76 years old. He has not loſt the elegant figure and the prepoſſeſſing look for which he was always diſtinguiſhed in his youth. He has likewiſe preſerved his taciturnity and diſlike for ſociety. Although he is humane, polite, and affable towards people of every deſcription, and extremely exact in the performance of every formality and etiquette in civil ceremonies and viſits; he has never been ſeen in any friendly ſociety, nor has his houſe ever been opened to what the Italians are fond of, large *converſazioni*. Truth obliges us likewiſe to ſtate, that he has carried this turn of mind to ſelf-inſulation, bordering on miſanthropy. When he rode in his carriage through the ſtreets of Rome, he was conſtantly reading ſome papers or pamphlets, in order to avoid the view of the people, and of courſe the neceſſity of returning ſalutes; whenever travelling, he has always wanted to fly in ſuch a manner as to deter poſtillions from venturing in his ſervice; and in Fraſcati

he was, notwithſtanding his eminent virtues and generoſity, little beloved by the inhabitants, only becauſe he was too much addicted to a retired life, and was deſirous to forbid every public diverſion, that might give riſe to a clamourous merriment among the people.

EXPLANATION *of the* CALENDAR.

[Tranſlated from the French.]

ROMULUS, the founder of the Roman empire, was, it is ſaid, the firſt author of the calendar, or table of the diſtribution of time, for the uſe of his people; this imperfect calendar was reformed in the reign of Numa Pompilius; and Julius Cæſar reformed it again about forty-two or forty-three years before the birth of Chriſt. By this laſt reformation, the vernal equinox was upon the twenty-fifth of March, and the ſolar year was regulated at 365 days and 6 hours; the three firſt years were, in the ſame manner as they are now, each of 365 days, and the fourth of 366, and they always named this fourth year Biſſextile (a word derived from the two Latin words *Bis Sextilis)*; the reaſon of it is, the month of February having but twenty-eight days in the common year, they added to it that ſupernumerary day, every fourth year, immediately after the twenty-fourth of that month, which was the ſixth of the calends of March, and as by this addition the month of February had twenty-nine days, the twenty-fifth was ſtill the ſixth of the calends, for they uſed to call the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth *Sexto Calendas*. This calendar, reformed by Julius Cæſar, was called the Julian Calendar, which ſerved until the year 1582, although many attempts were made before to correct it; and it was not until the epoch, under the reign of Pope Gregory XIII. that the moſt learned aſtronomers of the time, at the requeſt of the Pope, undertook at laſt to reform it, in order to make the civil year agree with the ſolar, and to that end it was agreed that ten days ſhould be taken off from that year firſt; and they took for the epoch of this abridgement the hour of midnight, and inſtead of counting the fifth of October they counted the fifteenth. By this means the year 1583 begun ten days ſooner than common, and the ſun was found in the equinoctial circle about the twenty-firſt of March, as it was found at the time of the Council of Nice, holden in the year of our Lord 325. But as they perceived that the annual revolution

revolution of the ſun was a little leſs than three hundred and ſixty-five days and ſix hours, they decreed that three days ſhould be taken off upon four hundred years, and conſequently the years 1700, 1800, and 1900 would not be biſſextiles, though they ought to be according to the firſt eſtabliſhed order. Nevertheleſs even that was not entirely ſufficient, for at the end of four hundred years there is found about four hours and eighteen minutes more than the three days; but as that does not make a day to curtail upon about two thouſand three hundred years, there can be no notice taken of it till that time is expired.

JOHN MERCER.

Deal, April 18, 1800.

Account of the extraordinary but benevolent Employment of the Monks of St. Bernard.

MOUNT ST. BERNARD, which has lately been paſſed by the French army, is ſituated between the Valais and the valley of Aoſta. A gentleman of Savoy, Bernard de Mentbon, founded a monaſtery upon it in the 10th century, and gave it his name. It paſſes for the higheſt point of the created world where man has dared to fix his abode; a dreadful abode it is; eternal winter reigns upon it, and the eye of the traveller, dazzled by the ſnow, ſeeks in vain for a bit of verdure on which he may repoſe; not a tree, not a plant, not a ſhrub is to be met with; the light chamois is the only animal to be ſeen, and that but rarely. When the traveller reaches a certain height he finds himſelf alone, abſolutely alone; the clouds roll under his feet; he ſees before him nothing but enormous maſſes of ſnow grouped one upon another, higher than the eye can diſcover; he hears nothing but the noiſe of fragments falling from the mountains with a terrible craſh.

It is upon the ſummit of this mount, in this country, which nature ſeems to have forgotten, that love for their kind has united a ſet of men, whoſe heroiſm is as noble and as pure as the virtue in which it has its ſource. Sequeſtered from the reſt of the human race, communicating only with thoſe whom chance, curioſity, or misfortune may bring to their monaſtery; theſe good men practiſe all the duties of the moſt ſublime humanity. Without national or religious prejudices, they receive with the ſame willingneſs all who demand

demand an aſylum, whatever their rank, their country, or their religion. But it is not to the ſervices of hoſpitality that theſe ſolitary monks of St. Bernard confine their benevolence; the eſſential object of their inſtitution is to ſeek for travellers who may have loſt their way, or who may have yielded to that deſire for ſleep, which it is difficult to reſiſt when one is ſeized with cold. The days on which they go out moſt are thoſe in which nature ſeems to have redoubled the horrors of the ſcene. It is when the atmoſphere is foggy, or the ſnow falls in large flakes, that theſe intrepid men begin their march; they are armed with long poles; their dogs go with them, and guide them in the path which often is loſt under heaps of ſnow, or bring them back to it, when by chance or deſign they have wandered from it.—Theſe excellent animals ſcent a body, however deep it may be buried under the ſnow. They bark and ſcratch, and thereby point out to their maſters, without ever deceiving them, the ſpot where they ought to dig. Then with the long pole the monks penetrate the earth, and the body is found. Whether dead or benumbed, it is carried with the greateſt precaution to the monaſtery, where all the ſuccours of art are beſtowed upon it. Often they reſtore it to life; often too it remains only to them to pay it the laſt ſad duties.

The dead are depoſited in a chapel to the eaſt of the convent, for all the environs being nothing but rock, it is impoſſible to depoſit the ſad remains in the ground. In this ſpot the bodies, covered with a cloth, are preſerved from putrefaction. They are placed upright, oppoſite one another, ſo that the laſt has his head leaning on the breaſt of the one that preceded. Some have been recognized by relations or friends two or three years after their death.

In 1791 there were reckoned four rows of theſe bodies. At that epoch all the famous dogs of Saint Bernard had periſhed; one bitch alone remained, which was preſerved with a ſort of religious care. The daily excurſions of theſe recluſes, are not ſufficient to ſnatch from death all the unfortunate perſons who loſe their way on theſe mountains. Every year when the ſnow melts ſome bodies are found.

SINGULAR TRAIT.

MR. PENNANT tells us, in his Hiſtory of Hindooſtan, of an Indian Monarch, that in giving audience to two Ambaſſadors, whom he foreſaw would weary him with prolix

harangues, he cut the firſt ſhort with this ſenſible remark—"Be not tedious," ſays he, "life is ſhort!"

ASIATIC PETITION.

THE following is a tranſlation of a curious and affecting petition ſent by the wife of Almas Ali Cawn, who ſome years ſince was put to death in India.

To the high and moſt mighty Servant of the moſt powerful Prince, George King of England, the lowly Slave of Miſery comes praying for Mercy to the Father of her Children.

MOST MIGHTY SIR,

MAY the bleſſings of thy God ever wait on thee, may the ſun of glory ſhine round thy head, and may the gates of plenty, honour, and happineſs, be always open unto thee and thine. May no ſorrow diſtreſs thy days, may no ſtrife diſturb thy nights, may the pillow of peace kiſs thy cheeks, and the pleaſures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of days makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently cloſes round the laſt ſleep of human exiſtence, may the Angels of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life ſhall not receive one rude blaſt to haſten its extinction.

O hearken then to the voice of diſtreſs, and grant the petition of thy ſervant. O ſpare the father of my children, ſave the partner of my bed, my huſband, my all that is dear. Conſider, O mighty Sir, that he did not become rich by iniquity, and that what he poſſeſſed was the inheritance of a long line of flouriſhing anceſtors, who, in thoſe ſmiling days, when the thunder of Great Britain was not heard on the fertile plains of Hindoſtan, reaped their harveſts in quiet, and enjoyed their patrimony unmoleſted. Think, O think, that the God thou worſhippeſt delights not in the blood of the innocent. Remember thy own commandment, "Thou ſhalt not kill," and by the order of Heaven, give me back my Almas Ali Cawn, and take all our wealth, ſtrip us of all our precious ſtones, of all our gold and ſilver, but take not the life of my huſband. Innocence is ſeated on his brow, and the milk of human kindneſs flows round his heart.

Let us wander through the deſerts, let us become tillers and labourers in thoſe delightful ſpots of which he was once lord

and

and maſter! But ſpare, O mighty Sir, ſpare his life! Let not the inſtrument of death be lifted up againſt him; for he has not committed any crime. Accept our treaſures with gratitude, thou haſt them at preſent by force; we will remember thee in our prayers, and forget that we were ever rich and powerful. My children, the children of Almas Ali, ſend up their petition for the life of him who gave them birth. They beſeech from thee, the author of their exiſtence, from that humanity which we have been told glows in the breaſt of European lovelineſs. By the tender mercies of enlightened ſouls of Engliſhmen, by the honour, the virtue, the honeſty, and the maternal feelings of the great Queen, whoſe offſpring is ſo dear to her, the miſerable wife of thy priſoner beſeeches thee to ſave the life of her huſband, and reſtore him to her arms.

Thy God will reward thee, thy country muſt thank thee, and ſhe now petitioning will ever pray for thee, if thou granteſt the prayer of thy

Humble vaſſal,
ALMASSA ALI CAWN.

FIGHTING IN ONE's OWN WAY.

THE following retort, prudent and curious, is a well-atteſted fact, near Stroud, Glouceſterſhire:—

An officer's ſervant, who was uſed to attend his maſter with holſters, conceiving they conferred on himſelf all the privileges of his maſter, as the poſſeſſion of Arundel Caſtle inveſts any owner with all ſeignorial rights and perſonal dignity, ſent a challenge to a poor pariſh clerk to ſingle combat, to which he received the following anſwer. "Abraham Amen, conceiving duelling with fire arms to be the excluſive privilege of officers and *real* gentlemen, refuſes to fight the upſtart Bob Bouncer; but as the perſon challenged has a right to chooſe his weapons, Abraham Amen will meet the ſaid Bouncer, even on a Sunday, and on conſecrated ground, to the praiſe and glory of God, with two ſtaves."

A REFLECTION.

ENVY no man's ſucceſs, and be content with your own ſtation.

An ACCOUNT *of the* BELTS *of* WAMPUM.

TO aſſiſt their memory, the American Indians have belts of ſmall ſhells, or beads of different colours, each repreſenting a particular object, which is marked by their colours and arrangement. At the concluſion of every ſubject on which they diſcourſe when they treat with a foreign ſtate, they deliver one of thoſe belts; for if this ceremony be omitted, all that they have ſaid paſſes for nothing. Thoſe belts are carefully depoſited in each town as the public records of the nation, and to them they occaſionally have recourſe, when any public conteſt happens with a neighbouring tribe. Of late, as the materials of which thoſe bells are made have become ſcarce, they often give ſome ſkin in the place of the wampum, which is the name of the beads, and receive in return preſents of a more valuable kind from our commiſſioners; for they conſider no treaty as of any weight, unleſs every article in it is ratified by ſuch a gratification.

Anſwer, by J. Smith, of the Royal Artillery, Plymouth Dock, to T. Dun's Queſtion, inſerted January 27.

SUPPOSE the earth a perfect ſphere, and the height of the houſe top, =a, the diameter 7957.9=b, and the view of Barnſtaple 9 miles =c. Then (by 36.3. Euclid) $aa+ba=cc$, which reduced gives the value of a=0101786 X^2 gives the height of the balloon=107.486 feet.

N. B. The queſtion may be performed (by 18.3. Euclid) without the aſſiſtance of algebra.

We have received the like anſwer from W. W. of Dunſter.

Anſwer, by W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter, to W. Hoare's Rebus, inſerted April 14.

THE ancient orator you mean is
The great Athenian DEMOSTHENES.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. R. Toulmin; R. Thomas, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; R. Thomas, of Kingſbridge; W. Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhel; Philom. of Teingmouth; and W. Rennels, of Barnſtaple.

Anſwer, by J. R. Toulmin, to the anonymous Anagram, inſerted April 16.

AH! keep me from the FOWLER's ſnare,
Great God of Heaven above!
That I may all thy works declare,
And celebrate thy love.
Even a FLOWER its heavenly author ſhows,
To all who know his goodneſs here below.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Andrews, of Kingſbridge; C. N. of the Royal Miners; Philom. of Teingmouth; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; G. England, of Lyme; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; John Field, of Staverton; T. Whicker, of Exeter; and E. Sherman, of Cornwood.

A CHARADE, *by J. Collins, of Uffculm.*

MY firſt it is equal, believe it who can;
My next is inferior, gents. ſuch is the plan;
My whole is ſuperior, believe me, you may:
No doubt but the ſame you will quickly diſplay.

A CHARADE, *by C. N. of the Royal Miners.*

WHEN the gay ſpring enlivens all the plain,
Unto my firſt I often times repair,
To hear the warbling of the plumy train,
And court the charms of my intended fair.

My beauteous ſecond too has oft ſurvey'd
My well-known firſt with pleaſure and delight,
When Flora gay her ſphere has well array'd,
It charms the mind, and gratifies the ſight.

Prepare, ye ſapient youths, my whole to tell,
And with the greateſt care conjoin theſe two;
A ſprightly dryad, that is known full well,
Will then appear to all who ſearch like you.

☞ *Poſtage of letters muſt be paid, or no notice will be taken of their contents.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Part of the 22d Ode of the 1ſt Book of Horace, and Part of the 3d Ode of the 3d Book, as tranſlated by the late Rev. Thomas Hare, of Crewkerne,

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO HIS MAJESTY.

THE man well principled within,
Of blameleſs life, and clear from ſin,
Is ſtill ſecure where'er he goes,
Nor needs the guard of ſpears or bows;
Defies the ungen'rous Lybian's cruel arts,
And rattling quivers, big with poiſon'd darts.

Integrity and innocence
Are his invincible defence;
Thus can he roam the fierceſt lands,
Go ſafe thro' Afric's ſcorching ſands,
Thro' Cauſacus' inhoſpitable ſnows,
Or ſavage climes where fam'd Hydaſpes flows.

He too whoſe principles are true,
In heart reſolv'd to act aright;
Him impious faction's madding crew,
And murd'rous villains can't affright;
Unſhaken, like a tow'r, he ſtands, and ſhows
No baſe compliance to his threat'ning foes.

The elements may war around;
Fierce winds may rage, huge billows roll;
Jove's light'nings flaſh, his thunders ſound,
And ſhock the world—but not his ſoul;
He nature's wreck could view without ſurpriſe,
And dauntleſs bear the ruin of the ſkies.

Winſham, May 29, 1800.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SONNET *to a* BLACK-BIRD.

SWEET bird! I love to liſten to thy chaunt,
Which flows ſo blithely thro' the paſſing day;
While cares, nor ſorrows thy abode n'er haunt,
To check the gladſome warble of thy lay.

Smiling

Smiling, in thee, appears that pure repoſe,
Which brightens as the ſun renews his ray;
And bids defiance to ſurrounding woes.
Happy, indeed, perhaps, too happy, thoſe
Of men who, like to thee, ſweet bird! could boaſt
A portion of the world's productive joys;
Could gain a ſmile from fortune, or at moſt,
See realiz'd the little bliſs which buoys
Their hopes one moment, and the next deſtroys,
Leaving them friendleſs on the world's wide coaſt.

M. B.

Exeter, May 22, 1800.

The CLOSE *of the* EVENING.

NOW the broad ſun deſcends beneath the ſight,
The weſtern ſky is ting'd with purple light;
And oft retiring to her bower of clouds,
Thro' amber veil the moon her form unſhrouds.
In ſpiral volumes ſlow the ſmoke aſcends,
Clings to the miſt, and with the dew drop blends;
Where paſt the hours of work, th' induſtrious ſwain,
From hoarded weeds extracts a ſcanty gain.
The buſy hum of day no more we hear,
Each ſeparate ſound attracts the liſt'ning ear;
And now the ſtar of evening mounts on high,
And night that hides the earth reveals the ſky.

END OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

[Goadby, Lerpiniere, and Langdon, Sherborne.]

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THIRTY-FIFTH VOLUME

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